

# Halo 3: The Fight is Finished

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-08-14 20:14:11

Updated: 2006-08-30 18:21:23

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:10:20

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,221

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Master Chief gets back to earth, and has to try to fight for the safety of the world. R&R!

## 1. Chapter 1

\_\*\*HALO 3: THE FIGHT IS FINISHED\*\*\_

\_Chapter #1: The Meeting \_\*\*by: TellyTubbyKilla \*\*

As the HALO 2 game began, the Covenant solider Arbiter, an 8'5" Elite was immediately sent back to the prophet of Truth, for an urgent meeting. The prophet of Truth was the last prophet alive out of three.

"Arbiter please, will you sit down?" asked Truth with faint threat in the pit of his voice.

"Yes holy one." Arbiter answered.

"You've done well. You had success in every single mission I've asked for you to complete."

"Yes; yes I have." agreed Arbiter with an appreciative tone.

"But, you have also failed some of them as well;" Truth exclaimed, "you must know all the consequences and rewards of doing such a thing as this. You really should, I've told you at least a dozen times."

"I do noble hierarch." said Arbiter with a sigh.

"Knowing that you have failed to keep the sacred ring or HALO together to defeat the demons, I should have you put to death! Another thing that you've done to deserve such a gruesome outcome is the murder of Tatarus, the general, or commander if you may call it, of the brutes!" yelled Truth with an infuriated expression on his

wrinkly face.

"Yes my lord, I was the cause the of Tatarus's death; but there are reasons for everything. I was only doing my job. He was killing off at least 20 to 30 of you're Elites." said Arbiter with a desperate tone in his voice like a little boy begging his mother for a toy too expensive to buy on just an ordinary occasion.

"That will be enough, Arbiter; I will here no more of your excuses!" screeched Truth with a lot of anger.

"You won't have me hung. I will have a life abandoned from the Covenant; I'll choose to join the humans you call demons!" Arbiter argued back furiously.

"Noâ€|you will not," said Truth with a sneer, "You will be sentenced to death as I ordered."

"You low-life bas#\$!" swore Arbiter to Truth infuriated as a wild rhino. "You're more of a demon then anybody ever will be!"

"I've had just about enough of this!" yelled Truth.

"Believe me Truth, you haven't heard anything yet! I've got a lot more things say to you!" Arbiter yelled back.

"That is it! Guards; bring him to cells!" called out Truth with a tone of commandment.

"You won't take me alive! I'll kill my self if that's what it takes!" hollered Arbiter as he took one of the guard's plasma pistols and held it up to his head.

"If this is what you think that will not make me happy to see, you are wrong. I really don't care about the way you die, just as long as it's enjoyable." said Truth with a bit of excitement in his voice.

After the long, loud, and rather enjoying meeting, Arbiter was seized and taken away by the honor guards. He was then thrown into a cell. He laid there for a few hours thinking and thinking of the meeting and any ideas of escaping. He found that he still had an energy sword tucked away beneath his armor. He then started trying to saw away the bars of the cell after the guards had left the isle way.

"Ya' know that ain't gonna work, Arbiter." said a voice in the room.

Arbiter looked up and in the cell across from him and it was someone familiar. It was Sergeant Johnson. Johnson is a black human sergeant that helped both Arbiter and Master Chief on some of there missions.

"Johnson, what are you doing here?" asked Arbiter.

"I tried shooting Truth in the head but the guards got all angry and started beatin' the livin' sh# out of me!" yelled Johnson looking as ticked off as possible. "Well Arbiter, I already told ya' my story; why not you tellin' me yours?"

"The reason I'm here is because I didn't stop HALO from being destroyed." answered Arbiter with an ashamed tone.

"That's too bad," said Johnson, "Just sittin' here sobbin' about it won't do us any good."

"Your right," replied Arbiter, "We're not out of this mess yet."

A/N: I sure hope you all enjoyed my first chapter of HALO 3: The Fight is Finished. If you didn't like this chapter, I assure you the next one will be better; there will be a lot of gore and violence. And just so you know my real name is Billy Hikypoples, I live on Pickle St. in Tip Town in the country of Mookalooka, and my address is #2j.

Just a joke.

## 2. Busting Out

\_Chapter #2: Busting Out \_\*\*By: tellytubbykilla\*\*

Arbiter and Johnson sat for a while and thought of a way to escape.

"Hey, Arbiter listen; I gotta' idea. Take a look at that guard over there." Johnson told Arbiter.

"What about him? He's just standing there."

"Do you see what's in his hand?" asked Johnson exasperatedly.

"Ah yes, now I see it, an energy sword. We could use that to cut the cells open; but how do we get it?" Arbiter worried.

"When the guard walks by your cell, you choke him from behind. When ya' finally kill him, grab the sword and slice away."

"Ok, got it. I'll wait till everyone leave's for a meeting."

After the Prophet called out, "Everyone to the Galley for an urgent meeting", everyone but the guard left the room. He passed by Arbiter's cell a few times, his quickness making it too risky to kill him at the time. After 30 long minutes, the guard finally past the cell again, slowly this time. Arbiter leapt up and circled the guard's neck with his hands and squeezed with all his might. Black blood poured out from the brute guards enormous mouth splattered all over the ground.

"Way ta' go Arbiter you got him!" cheered Johnson. "Keep goin' ya' almost done."

Arbiter squeezed for a few more seconds until his fingers dug through the guard's neck then dropped him on the blood soaked floor. Arbiter snatched the sword off the ground. He turned on the energy sword and sliced off the cell bars. He climbed out of the cell trying not to get burned by the boiling hot bars. He dashed to Johnson's cell and opened the cell by the padlock on its side. And right after Johnson was out everyone came back from the meeting.

"Oh well sh#! That's just typical." Johnson complained.

"I think we'd better run!" yelled Arbiter as plasma rifles and plasma pistols started to shoot at them behind.

Arbiter threw the energy sword as hard he could towards the pack of brutes. It stabbed through a brute's head and sliced it in two; it's brain scattered all over the floor in burnt little chunks, blood surrounding it's body.

"Why in the he\$ did you do that?" asked Johnson infuriately. "We coulda' used that ya' know."

"Oh yeah your right. Dangit!" Arbiter yelled, all ticked off at himself.

"Common, I think I see an exit!"

\*\*A/N: Please review!\*\*

End  
file.